



# YOGI BEAR

NO. 35 JAN  
00750 76/CDC  
30¢ UK 10P



a Hanna-Barbera Production

ALL  
NEW



# YOGI BEAR



00750





# YOGI BEAR

# Happy Birthday



YOGI BEAR Vol. 8, No. 35, January, 1977.

Published bimonthly by CHARLTON PUBLICATIONS, INC. at Charlton Building, Division St., Derby, Conn. 06418; John Santangelo Jr., Publisher. George R. Wildman, Executive Editor. Second class postage paid at Derby, Conn. 06418. 30¢ per copy. Subscription \$1.80 annually. Printed in U.S.A. The stories, characters and incidents portrayed in this periodical are entirely fictitious, and no identification with actual persons, living or dead, is intended. This magazine has been produced and sold subject to the restrictions that it shall only be resold at retail as published and at full cover price. It is a violation of these stipulations for this magazine to be offered for sale by any vendor in a mutilated condition, or at less than full cover price. National Advertising Representatives: Dilo, 114 E. 32nd St., New York, N.Y. 10016 (212-686-9050). © 1976 HANNA-BARBERA PRODUCTIONS, INC. International copyright secured. All rights reserved. Postmaster: Please send form 3579 to Charlton Publications, Inc., Charlton Bldg., Derby, CT. 06418

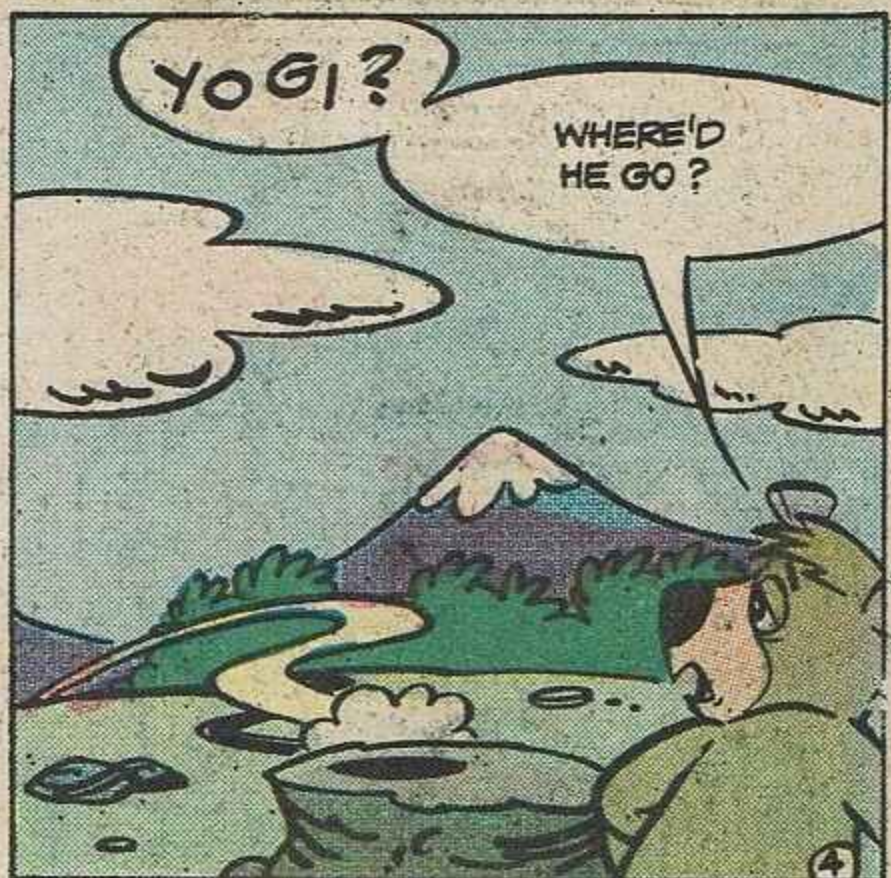












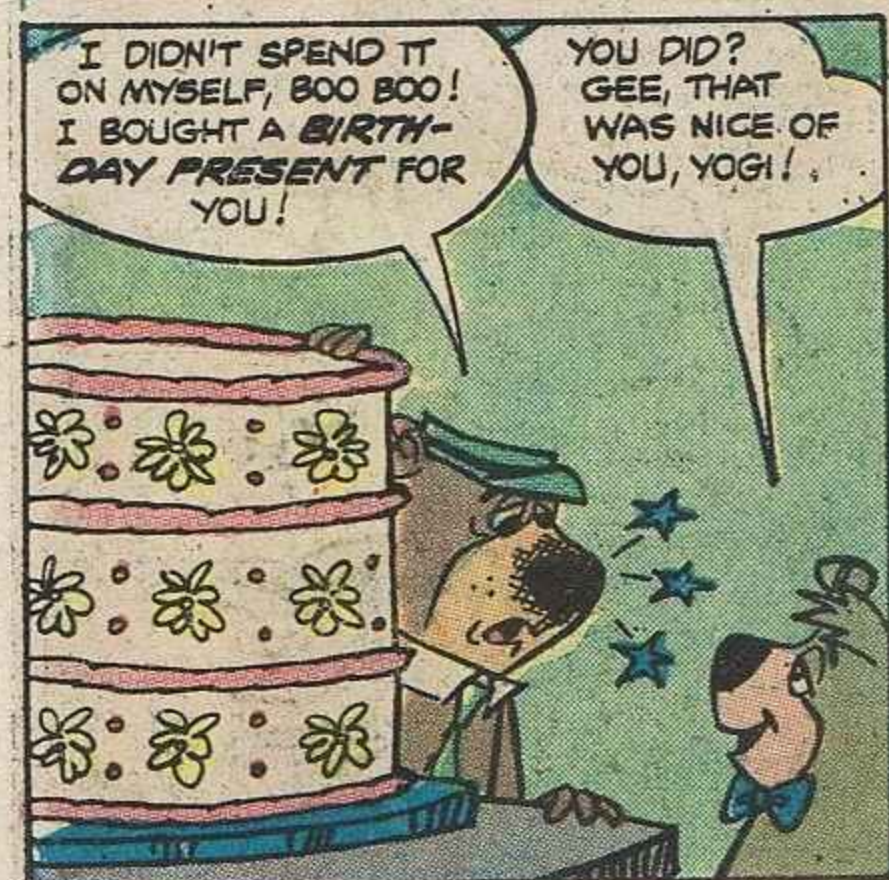


















# YOGI BEAR TOUGH NUT







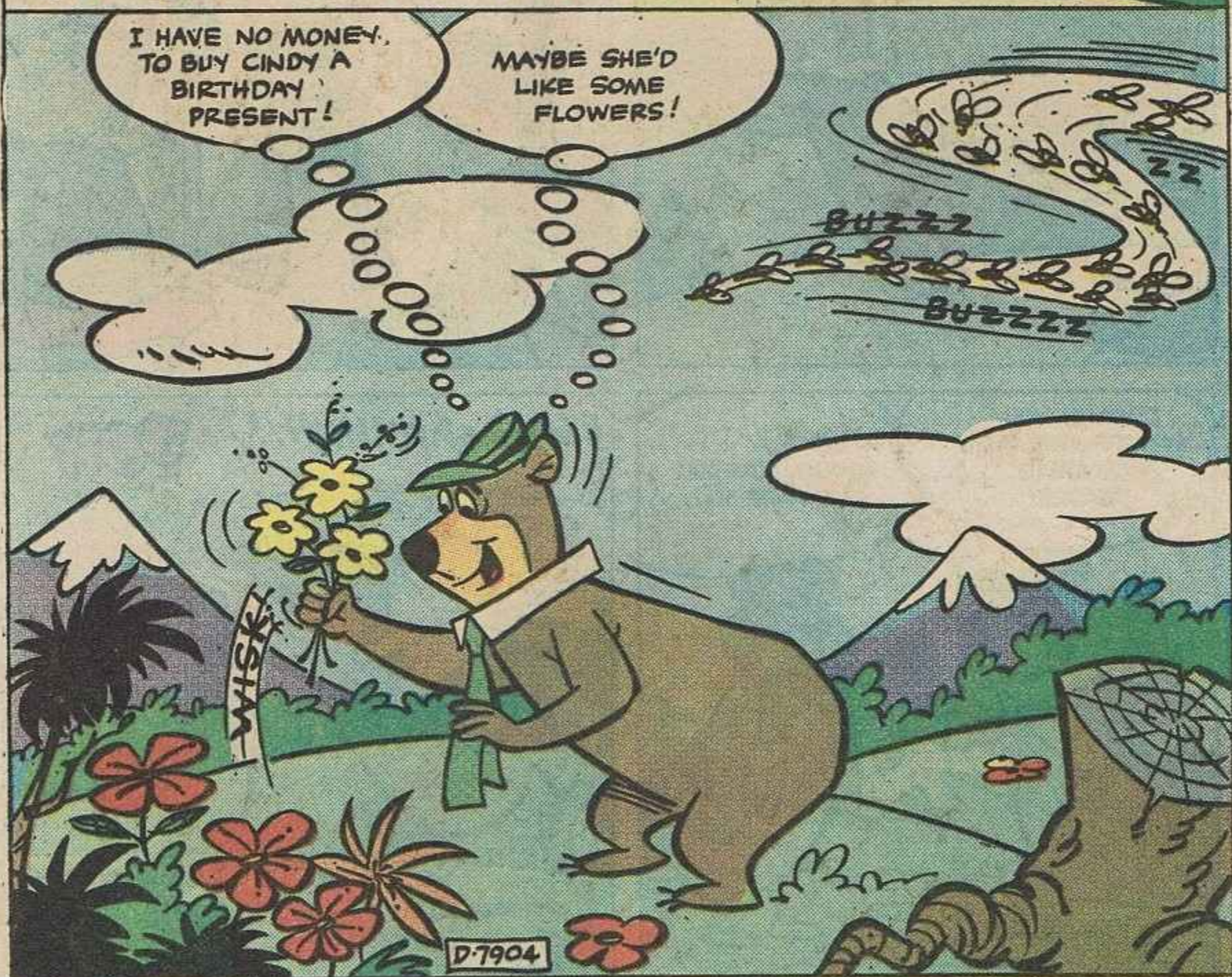






# YOGI BEAR

## HONEY HASSLES

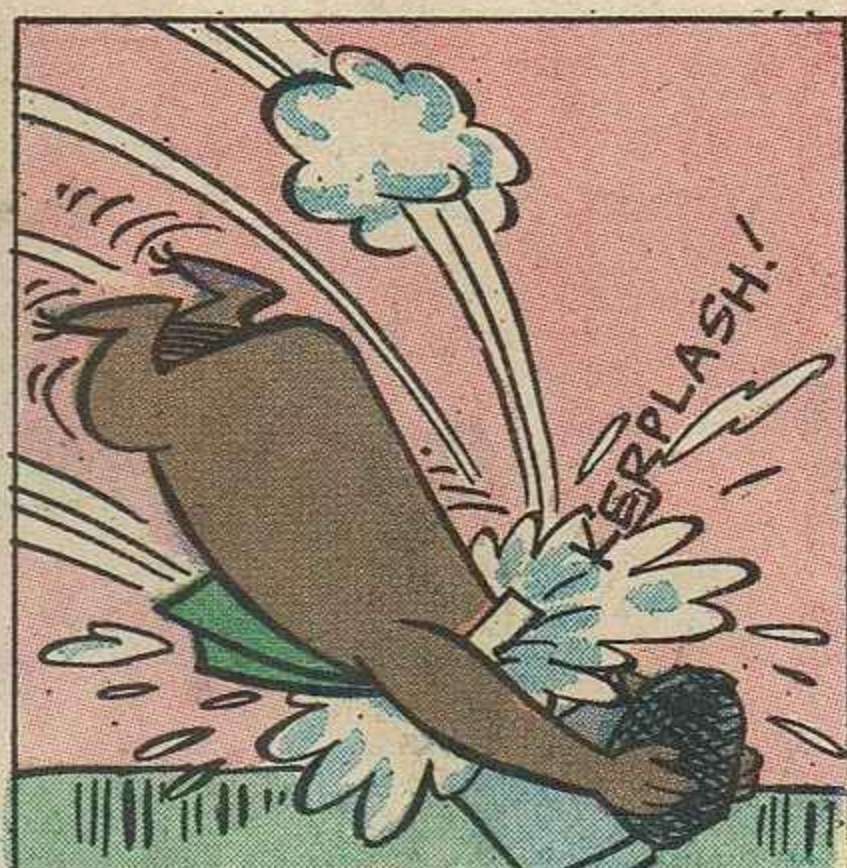


CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE















# A STAR BEAR IS BORN

Yogi Bear poked his nose out of the bushes and stared at the huge, picnic basket on the ground near the camper's tent. The hungry bear drooled as he dreamed about delicious goodies.

Visions of cakes, candies and cookies danced in his head. Thinking about submarine sandwiches, pickles and potato salad made him lick his lips in anticipation.

Yogi couldn't resist the tempting treat before him. Fantastic, finger licking good food was only a few feet away. He couldn't help himself. He knew that he had to snatch that picnic basket!

Cautiously, he looked around. It was all clear. The camper was still inside of his tent. Slowly, Yogi crept out of the bushes. Silently, he tiptoed toward the tempting, picnic basket. A few, more feet and he would be home free.

Just as he slipped his paw around the handle of the basket, Ranger Smith popped out of the bushes.

"Drop that picnic basket, you bear bandit! I caught you red-handed this time!" Ranger Smith shouted angrily.

Quickly, Yogi turned around and headed for the hills. If he was going to be punished, he figured that he might as well be punished for eating the food as well as for snatching the basket.

"See you later, Mr. Ranger, Sir!" shouted Yogi as he tipped his hat to Ranger Smith and made a mad dash for the forest.

The camper inside of the tent heard the racket outside. He wondered what was going on. The man stepped outside just in time to see Yogi go zipping past him. Hot on Yogi's furry heels was the Ranger. The camper watched in awe as the two residents of Jellystone Park zoomed away from the campsite.

Yogi was only inches away from escaping Ranger Smith's outstretched hands when he hit a slick spot on the grass. Yogi tripped, slipped and went flying up into the air. He did a triple somersault and then landed in the babbling brook with a loud splash!

Food was scattered everywhere on the grass. Yogi poked his head up out of the water and saw that Ranger Smith was staring down at him.

"I'm going to throw the book at you this time, Yogi!" warned the Ranger.

"No, you won't, Ranger," called the camper. "I'm not pressing charges against that bear. He's a natural

born clown! I'm Colonel T. P. Barley, the owner of the 'Barley Brothers' Circus'. I'm going to make a star out of that basket stealing bear!" the Colonel predicted.

Ranger Smith was dumbfounded. He watched in awe as Colonel Barley helped Yogi out of the brook.

"Seeing you swipe that basket and trip like that made me laugh so hard that my belly almost burst," the Colonel said to Yogi as they walked away. "From now on, you're working for me as the star clown of my traveling circus. All you have to do is to pretend to snatch picnic baskets, trip and flip in the air, and land in a big bucket of water twice a day for the rest of your natural life!"

"I'm a star!" Yogi muttered over and over again as the Colonel led him away. "I'm a star! I'm going to be the star of the circus!"

The Ranger watched as the Colonel packed up his gear and loaded it and Yogi Bear into his truck. Sadly, the Ranger stood there as they drove away. He didn't want to admit it, but he was going to miss good, old, Yogi. Jellystone Park just wouldn't be the same without a bear bandit to chase.

Weeks passed. Months passed. The name "Yogi Bear" became well known at every county fair in the country. A bear star had been born!

"I sure miss Yogi," stated Ranger Smith as he lowered a newspaper in which there was an article about the Barley Brothers' Circus.

"I do, too, Chief," admitted another ranger as he leaned across the picnic table they were seated at.

"We might as well eat our lunch. Maybe that'll cheer us up," replied Ranger Smith as he reached for the picnic basket on the table.

Just then, a furry paw reached out of the bushes and snatched the basket away from the two rangers.

"It couldn't be him, could it?" asked Ranger Smith as he watched his lunch disappear.

"It's me, Mr. Ranger, Sir!" announced Yogi proudly as he popped up out of the bushes. "I quit the circus. Swiping picnic baskets wasn't any fun without you to chase me," he explained as he tipped his hat politely.

"Come back with my lunch!" yelled Ranger Smith as he began to chase Yogi. Off into the woods, they went.

The other ranger laughed and shook his head as he watched them run over hill and dale. "Now, everything is back to normal," he said.



# YOGI BEAR THE HIDE-OUT





